



## Leonardo Alenza Comes Into His Own

THE recent exposition in Madrid of the etchings of the Spanish artist Leonardo Alenza has attracted much interest in Spain. This man's work has only recently received wide recognition. "La Espera" writes the following:

"Leonardo Alenza was one of the most interesting painters of the first half of the nineteenth century. He represents the healthful realistic reaction against French classicism. He was born in Madrid, in 1807, and died in 1845. In the year of his death—in April—he was appointed honorary fellow of the section of painting by

the Lyceum of Art and Literature. Three years before his death he was made honorary fellow of the Academy of San Fernando. Neither of these honors, however, nor his reputation prevented him from being buried by public charity.

"The period of Alenza's aesthetic formation goes back to the time when he conducted the struggle against the pseudo-classicists, on one hand, and the romanticists on the other.

"The works of Alenza are very numerous and of many types. His favorite fields are portraits, historical pictures and popular scenes and types—the latter being of unusual interest.

"His historical pictures possess less strength. This observer of the spectacles of daily life could find little inspiration in the deeds of ancient monarchs and warriors. He was at his best when he painted scenes from the life that he saw around him. And the best of these is a collection called "The Caprices," which presents life in Madrid during the first half of the nineteenth century."

The etchings reproduced on this page are all by this Spanish artist, and were selected by "La Espera" because they seemed best to represent the versatile genius of Leonardo Alenza.

## A Little Treatise on the Art of Ghosting

"IN ORDINARY times," said an old hack, "it's safe to assume that 90 per cent of the books published are really the work of the men whose names are signed to them. 'Ghosts' and 'pirates' account for the remaining one-tenth."

But these are extraordinary times, and the tremendous output of books by people who have had neither the opportunity nor the leisure for literary training defies all calculation. Concerning the matter of "ghosts" comes enlightenment from "The Author," official organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Composers and Playwrights, published in London:

"Some fifteen years ago 'The Author' published the alleged confessions of a literary 'ghost' who claimed to be able to do much better for himself by writing books which appeared under the signature of a celebrity than by publishing work of equal merit under his own modest name. The article was apparently conceived in a spirit of playfulness, but the joke was not labelled 'jocular' and there were those who failed to see it. In particular, the late Mr. Hume Nisbet failed to see it. He was a Scotsman, and no surgeon seems to have been in attendance at the time. The joke which he had failed to see roused him to a frenzy of indignation. He began by writing angry letters, and proceeded to write an angry pamphlet, in which he confused the Society of Authors with the Authors' Club, complained that no one had seemed particularly glad to see him at either institution, and denounced everything and everybody connected with both of them. It is an old story and has ceased to matter. The pamphlet is out of print, and is probably rare, though certainly not in active demand. But the question of ghosting remains, and is likely to be always with us, so that it would be useful if one could discover the ethical principles underlying it.

"No single and simple principle will serve, for the problem itself is not a simple one. 'There are degrees,' as the Roman judge pointed out when Dumas fils informed the tribunal that he should describe himself as a dramatic author if he were not speaking in the birthplace of the illustrious Corneille; and one ghost differs from another ghost in glory or ignominy as the case may be. Obviously it is a shameful thing that one man should buy another man's personality and acquire not only wealth, but also fame, by exploiting it, and that is the offence which the people who denounce ghosting generally have in their minds. They picture a Pennyson hiring a humble scribe to write an 'In Memoriam,' or a Dickens buying the manuscripts of a sporting reporter and giving them to the world as his own 'Pickwick Papers.'

### Can a Dwarf Rob a Giant's Robe?

"But does that sort of thing ever really happen elsewhere than in the pages of a novel? Is the giant's robe ever, in practice, transferred, as a ready-made garment, to the dwarf's shoulders? Let those who know of instances produce them, always remembering that the leading case of Bacon and Shakespeare, even if it could be proved, would belong to a different category. Even the case of the elder Dumas, glaring as it was, is hardly a case in point. It was proved in a court of law beyond the shadow of a doubt that it would have been materially impossible for him even to have copied the books of his most prolific period in the time in which he claimed to have composed and written them; and it is now notorious that much of the actual writing was done

for him by Auguste Maquet and other collaborators, whose names did not appear on the title pages.

"Still it could not be contended that Dumas was exploiting Maquet's personality. That fact was conclusively established when Maquet published romances under his own signature. It was as if a dentist's mechanic had set up in business as a dental surgeon; and Dumas's attitude toward his collaborator when anything went wrong was pretty much that which the dental surgeon might be expected to adopt toward his mechanic when something went wrong with a denture. Convicted one day of some anachronism or other inconsistency, he unblushingly rejoined: 'That is little Maquet's fault. I'll punch his head for it next time I see him.' Dumas, in short, in the language of the war industries, was diluting labor for the purpose of increasing output. The fraud, if any, was a fraud upon the public, and the public had its obvious remedy. The prosperity of the Maison Dumas et Cie., as Jacquot called it, depended upon merit support, and the public could withdraw its patronage whenever it was dis-

satisfied. In the end it did so, and the industry collapsed.

"Even that kind of ghosting, however, is uncommon. It postulates genius, and genius is rare and seldom takes kindly to collaboration. Genius may steal ideas, transform them and make them its own, but it does not often buy them (though Charles Reade once admitted having done so) or hire labor to knock them into shape.

### If You Have Something to Say But Don't Know How to Say It

"In actual practice, ghosting most frequently occurs when a man or a woman, provided with the material for a book, seeks the assistance of some one who knows how to write but has nothing in particular to say. Books of travel have sometimes been produced by a combined effort of this kind, for the most intrepid explorers are not always the readiest writers; and one can cite instances in which the reception has been distinctly advantageous to the reader.

"The same remark applies, mutatis mutandis, to biographies and reminiscences,

and that is a manifestation of ghosting to which a lawsuit comparatively recently drew attention. Quite a number of autobiographies, it was then admitted—some of them by the revolving daughters of royal houses, and others by English aristocrats of both sexes who had "knocked about"—had been put into a presentable literary shape by a literary lady-of-all-work. Whence two questions inevitably presented themselves to certain minds: Was the transaction in itself a moral or an immoral one? Was the ultimate revelation of the secret of the actual authorship of the works permissible or reprehensible?

"The two questions, however, cannot be rudely separated. Morality requires us all to abstain from corrupt bargains, but it does not require us to keep silence about them. Confession, in such a case, may not only be good for the soul, but may also be a service which our obligations to the community demand. At the same time the suggestion that silence is imperative is a suggestion that one of the two parties to the bargain has something to be ashamed of. Is that really so or not? Is a fraud really com-

mitted upon any one? And if so, on whom?

### Like a Woman Who Wants to Guard Secret of Her Beauty

"On the face of it, of course, this fraud is apt to be involved. Some one who cannot write grammatically, or cannot pin two sentences together and make them look as if they belonged to each other, may be posing before the world as a person well versed in these elementary accomplishments. He may wish to guard the secret of his incompetence, as women, too dependent upon the beauty doctor, desire to guard the secrets of the make-up.

"But there are two things to be said about that secret. In the first place, it is a secret to which they have no good title, either legal or moral; and, in the second place, it is, from the point of view of the public, a secret of no importance whatsoever. The public does not read autobiographies of the kind under discussion for the sake of the grammar or the style, and it does not care twopence whether the nom-

inal authors of the autobiographies are masters of orthography and syntax or not. Its one desire is to hear the stories which the revolving daughters of royal houses and other highly placed personages are able to tell and the revelations which they are able to make; and it wants those stories put before it in as readable a shape as possible. If the writers have never previously put pen to paper except for the purpose of answering invitations or deferring their settlements with their creditors, it may easily be that the introduction of the ghost into the business is the only means by which they can satisfactorily tell the public the things which the public wants to know.

"In that case, the ghost is merely an interpreter. His (or her) function, though not exalted, is, at all events, not dishonorable. On the contrary, it is, in a humble way, quite useful, making an unmarketable commodity marketable. The case would be different, of course, if the ghost imported a decisive and interesting personality into the transaction, and credited a discredited countess or a man-about-town with such memoirs of genius as Rousseau's 'Confes-

sions,' or Amiel's 'Journal,' or Chateaubriand's 'Memoires d'Outre-tombe.' That, indeed, would be a shocking deception, albeit an amusing one. It is a thing, however, which has never happened and is never likely to happen, though a ghost did once credit a society authoress, innocent of Greek, with a quotation in the original from Aristotle's 'Ethics,' and the moral aspects of a contingency so remote may fairly be left out of consideration in this brief survey of the subject."

### Don't Try to Dope it Out

"THE AIR SCOUT," published by the post officers of the Aeronautical G. S. D. and C. Camp, Garden City, N. Y., comes as a recent addition to the rapidly increasing list of publications by the military camps of this country. The following fable, quoted from the current issue and quite in the manner of George Ade:

"Once there was a Feller who wanted to get In out of the Wind that started to Blow down in D. C. the day they began to Draw Lots to see who'd Go Over right away. The Feller's name was Aloaxious. Aloaxious was Particular about just what Arm he'd get into; and Meditating the subject with Ferocity of Thought he decided he would fly.

"By all means, I will fly; I'll be an Aviator," said Aloaxious, and started forthwith, his jaw set hard.

"Aloaxious was a Wary Cuss, and you couldn't Put a Thing Over on him. All his Civilian Life, Aloaxious had Pulled the Ropes to his Advantage, and digging Hard he had Struck many a Vein. In fact, Aloaxious had a couple of little Blue Roadsters of his own. So he Sniffed Around before he enlisted and Worried not only his own Head off, but the Heads of two or three Aviation camps. Just for the Looks of the Thing, of course, he saw the way to get most Mention about his Patriotic Move was to Enlist as a Buck. He felt sure that after he was a Buck in the Aviation Section the rest would be Clear Flying. So he did—thut; thut That.

"Now it so happens that Aloaxious thought it was an Easy Thing. And, therefore, in the course of Time and Events, he had a Huge Disappointment. For, lo! although Aloaxious had carefully Puffed about and Worried about, and had Talked to his little Her about how much he was Wise to Climbing Jacob's Ladder, familiarly known as the Ropes in the Army, he found out the Strings he wanted to Pull were so Awful Big that his hands wouldn't go around them, and so the Ropes Slipped Up, and Aloaxious slipped Down.

"The last scene of Aloaxious' Tale happened the night he told Her Goodby and departed for Places Unknown (because the Censor Deleted that part of it), and under one Arm Aloaxious carried a Pick and under the other he carried a Shovel, and the only Flying that Aloaxious will do in the near future will be Flying to the assist of a fallen Comrade—because, Despite his Faults, Aloaxious is one of those Heroic Fellers, and after he has Learned that the Ropes are made out of Air and not of Hemp he might have some Hopes of getting to be a Regular Guy who does things when he's Told and not wanting to be what he Ain't.

Moral: Don't try to dope it out. Just keep on 'going.

## THE AMATEUR—A French War Story

By Maurice Level

Translated by William L. McPherson

Copyright, 1918, by The Tribune Association (The New York Tribune)

Here is a war story with a rare touch of distinction. It is written with that delightful ironic restraint with which Maurice Level is accustomed to picture the Prussian type of "officer and gentleman" at his favorite avocation of looting. The Prussian majors and colonels carry their passion for "souvenirs" of the hospitality they have enjoyed in the invaded districts of France to an extreme which has many marks of a highly developed business instinct. They are avid "collectors"—for their households at home and for the glory of the Fatherland.

There is a masterly touch of sardonic humor in M. Level's description of how one noble "collector" was "stung" by the duplicity of one of his own unworthy countrymen.

"Whew!" whistled the tradesman, with a glance of admiration.

"Afterward most of the owners became very wary and crafty. Stop before an object of value one of them may have and he feigns indifference. Pretend that you are going to carry away a piece of trash, not worth fifty pfennigs, and he breaks into lamentations. War is a great teacher—in every way.

"But let us drop these reminiscences. We'll go back to them later—this evening, after dinner. To return to the point of the matter—events made my last selections a little hasty and confused. As you can see, there are all sorts of things—some good, some bad, some indifferent. The Frenchman has such a passion for what is old that he often prefers to things which are new and in fine condition antiques that are worm-eaten and are often even fraudulent.

"In spite of that, I have from time to time, with a little luck and something of a nose for things of value, discovered beautiful pieces here and there. Not that I attach a great value to old things. But there are people who are interested in them, and I want your judgment on one of those trifles. Malvina, show me, please, the big vase which you unceremoniously this morning."

The colonel's wife brought the vase, placed it on a stand and returned to her tasks.

"What do you say to that, Herr Luder? Talking about an air of antiquity, it has an air of antiquity!"

"Certainly," answered the dealer in antiques, drawing nearer. "Certainly."

"The lady to whom it belonged broke into tears when she saw me take it. But, as I told you, that may not have signified very much."

"Evidently," Herr Luder ventured, as he passed his big, sensitive fingers along the sides of the vase.

"What attracted my attention to it was that I had seen one in Berlin, some time ago, which resembled it. And they put a very big price on it."

Herr Luder turned the vase over, returned it, put his eye to the orifice, sounded the pottery with delicate taps, wiped the dust from the end of his moist fingers and murmured:

"Evidently. Evidently."

Then he seemed to be lost in thought.

"How much is it worth?" asked the colonel.

Herr Luder replaced the vase on the stand, rubbed his hands together and replied, with a shadow of regret:

"Nothing, Herr Colonel."

The lady of the house and her four daughters raised their heads.

"Do you think so?" the colonel articulated, in a tone of severity.

"I am sure of it, although I admit that even a clever amateur might be deceived. For myself, I haven't a shadow

of a doubt, for I recognize in it a piece of our own manufacture. I can go further and say that it came from my own house."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the officer.

"Certainly," answered the antiquary, with a bland smile.

Then, in a tone half humble and half exultant, he explained:

"Before the war I had an antiquity shop in Paris—a big house, situated in one of the best quarters of the city—where we sold off, among the genuine antiques, some samples of German fabrication. You understand, I would not have sold this to a German. But to a Frenchman! To an Englishman! To an American!"

The colonel felt a little piqued, not at this stratagem, but at his own discomfiture.

"Then, as a matter of fact, it has no value?"

"Alas! None at all, Herr Baron," sighed the antiquary.

"Then I'll sell it with a lot of other things of no consequence," the colonel decided, rising from his chair. "Zahler, the second-hand man, ought to have quite a wagon load to-morrow."

"That's the easiest way," said the honest tradesman.

Making his obeisances all around, as was proper, he withdrew. Passing down the hallway he stopped to look at a piece of furniture, a bronze, a vase, testifying

to the good taste and artistic judgment of the master of the house. And at the doorway he repeated to himself:

"With all the beautiful things you have in your house, Herr Colonel, you cannot keep that; you simply cannot."

Out in the street, which already lay in the shadow of twilight, he walked away happy. He entered a restaurant, ordered a chop and a thick sausage and then went home.

At the back of the shop Frau Luder was seated. Her fat and solemn face lighted up when she saw her worthy spouse close the door, pull down the heavy shutters and put his hat on the counter with a gesture of satisfaction.

Here Herr Luder was master. Between his cashier's desk and his windows he was as arrogant as a baron. He said in a low voice:

"Are we alone? Has the clerk gone? Are the children upstairs?"

She answered:

"We are all alone."

Then the grave face of the merchant expanded in a smile. He passed his hand over his head, and, seating himself, said:

"To-morrow, right after breakfast, you will go to Zahler, the second-hand man. In a lot of antiquities you will find a big vase of the Italian Renaissance. Bargain for it as a matter of form. But pay any price that is necessary. It is a price piece—a pure marvel, which I wouldn't let slip out of my hands for anything. In 1913 I sold one of the same sort, but less beautiful, for 16,000 marks."

"Ach!" exclaimed Frau Luder, "and how did you discover it?"

But Herr Luder, who didn't like to talk about his business, answered:

"Only do what I tell you."

Meanwhile, putting the vase in with a lot of old trash, Herr Baron Colonel von Spindel consoled himself for his disappointment by reflecting that his compatriots were decidedly the first merchants in the world.